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Manah
and other
Poems

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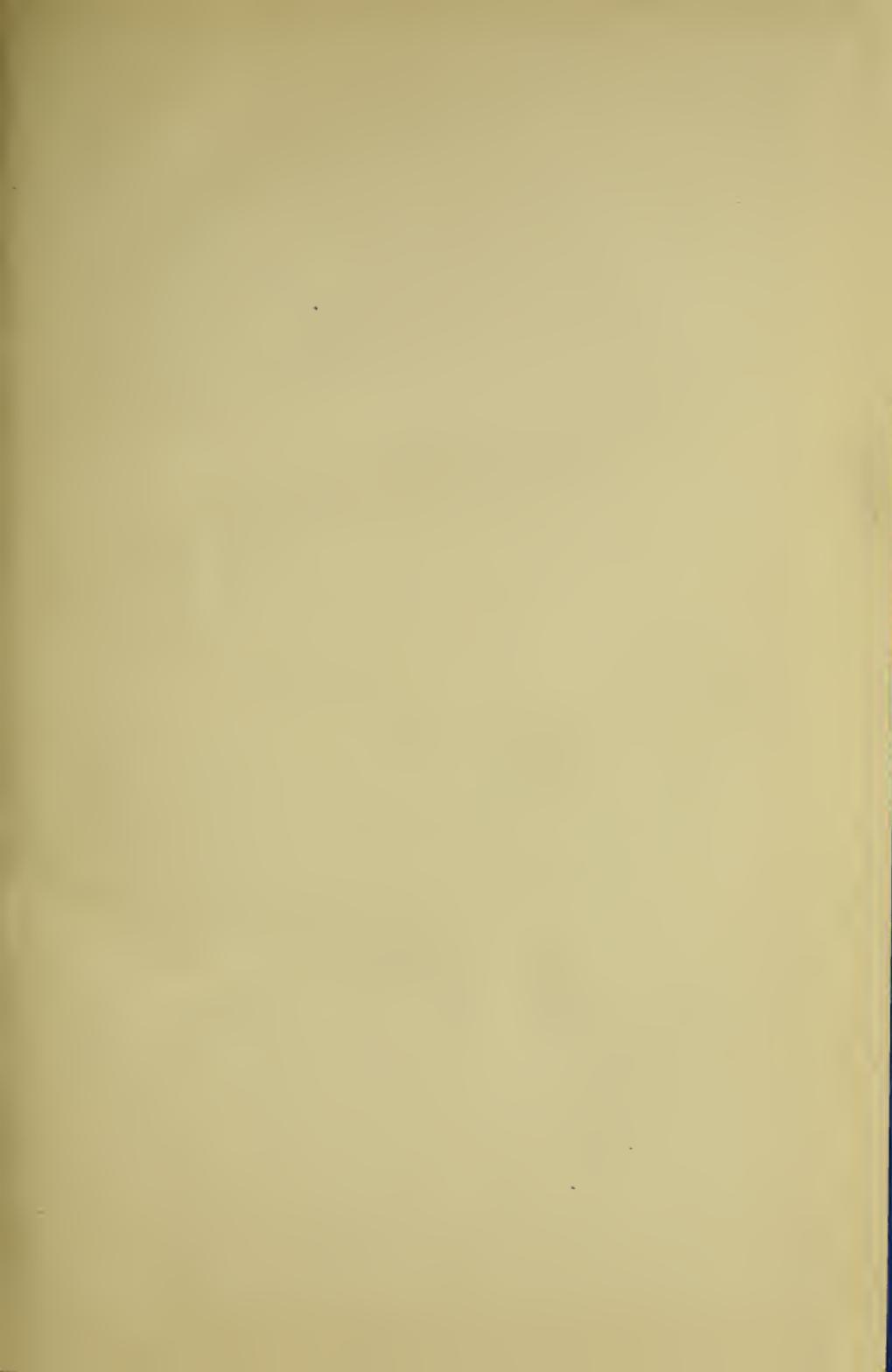


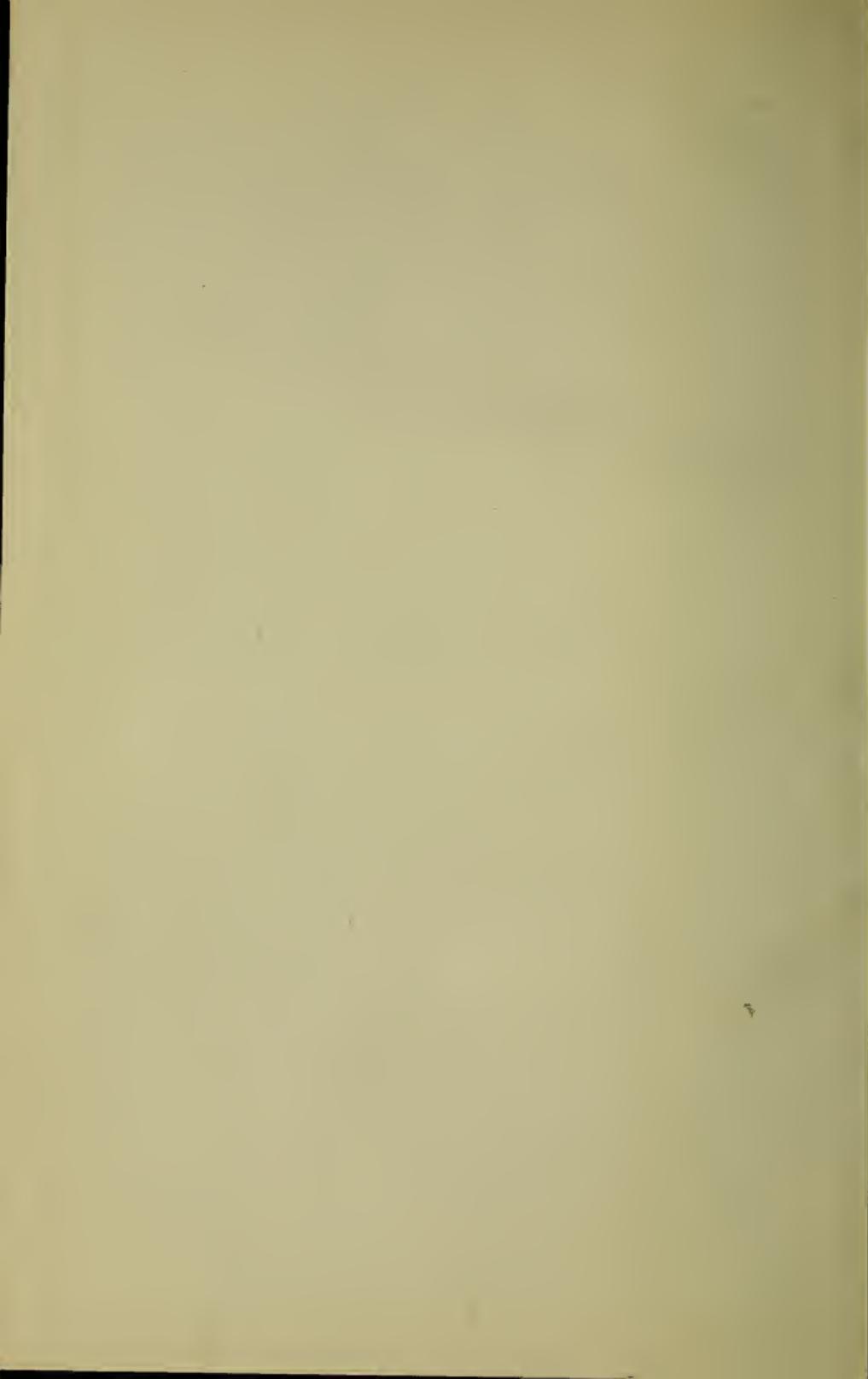
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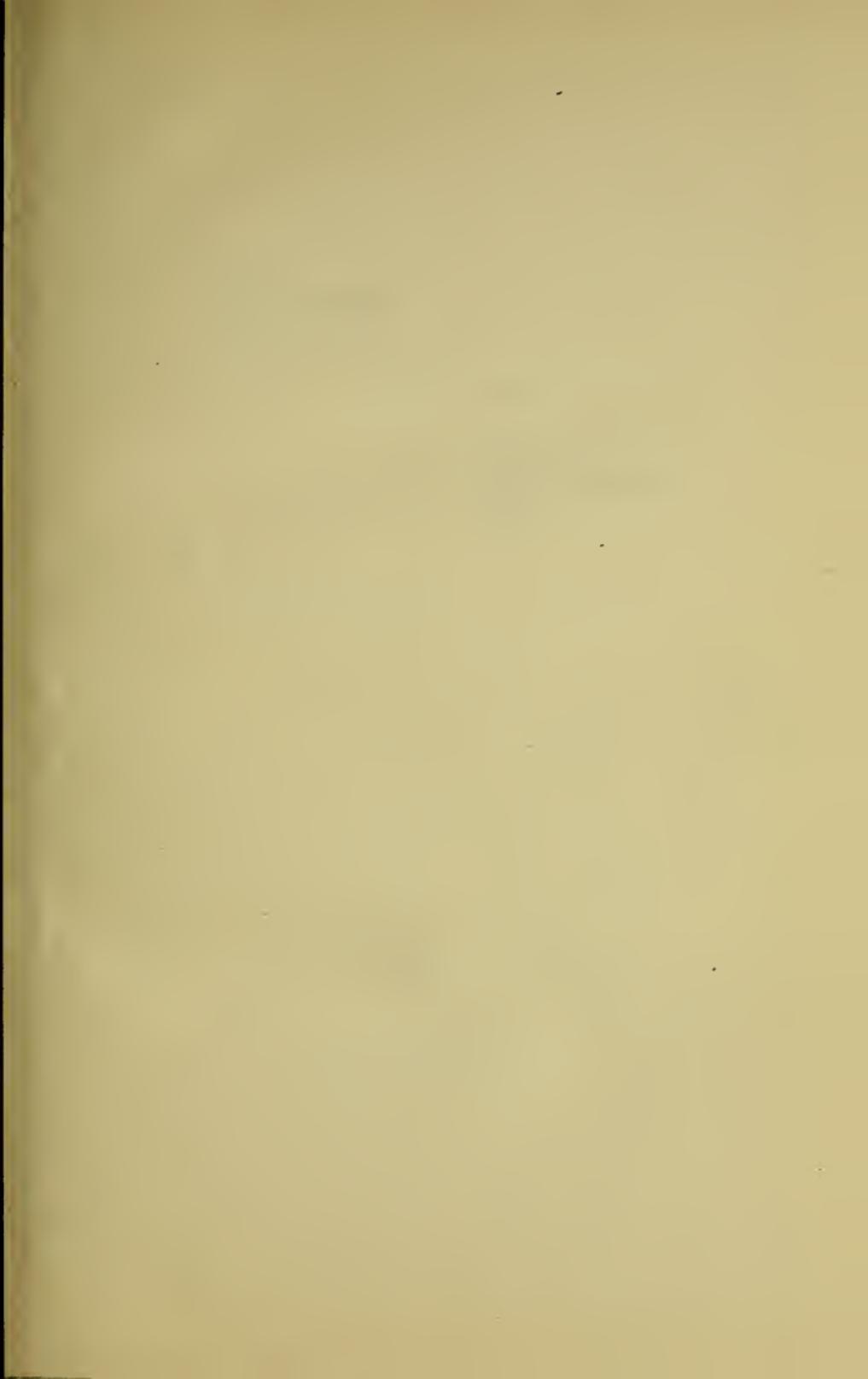
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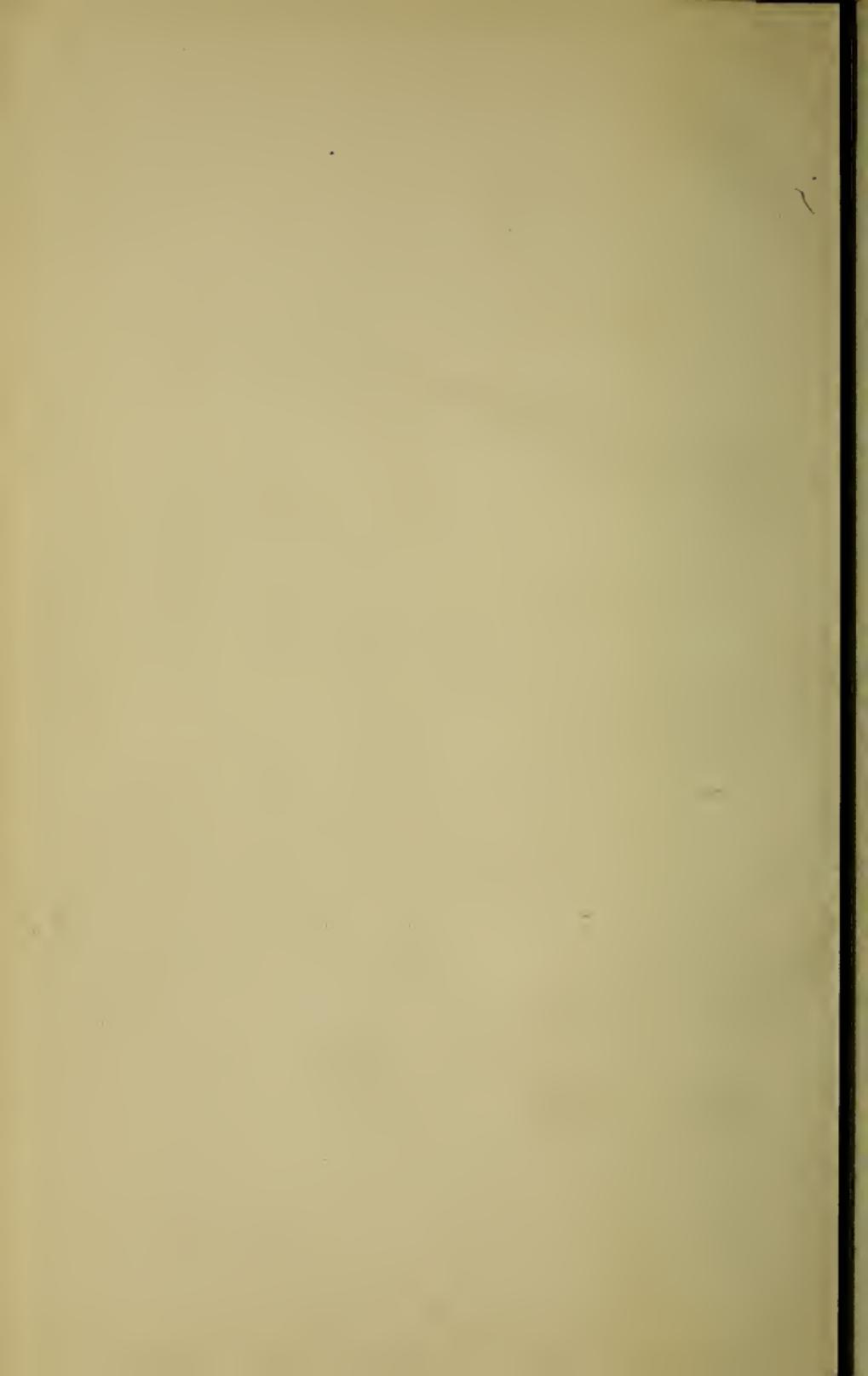
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Yonah
and other
Poems

ERNEST NEAL



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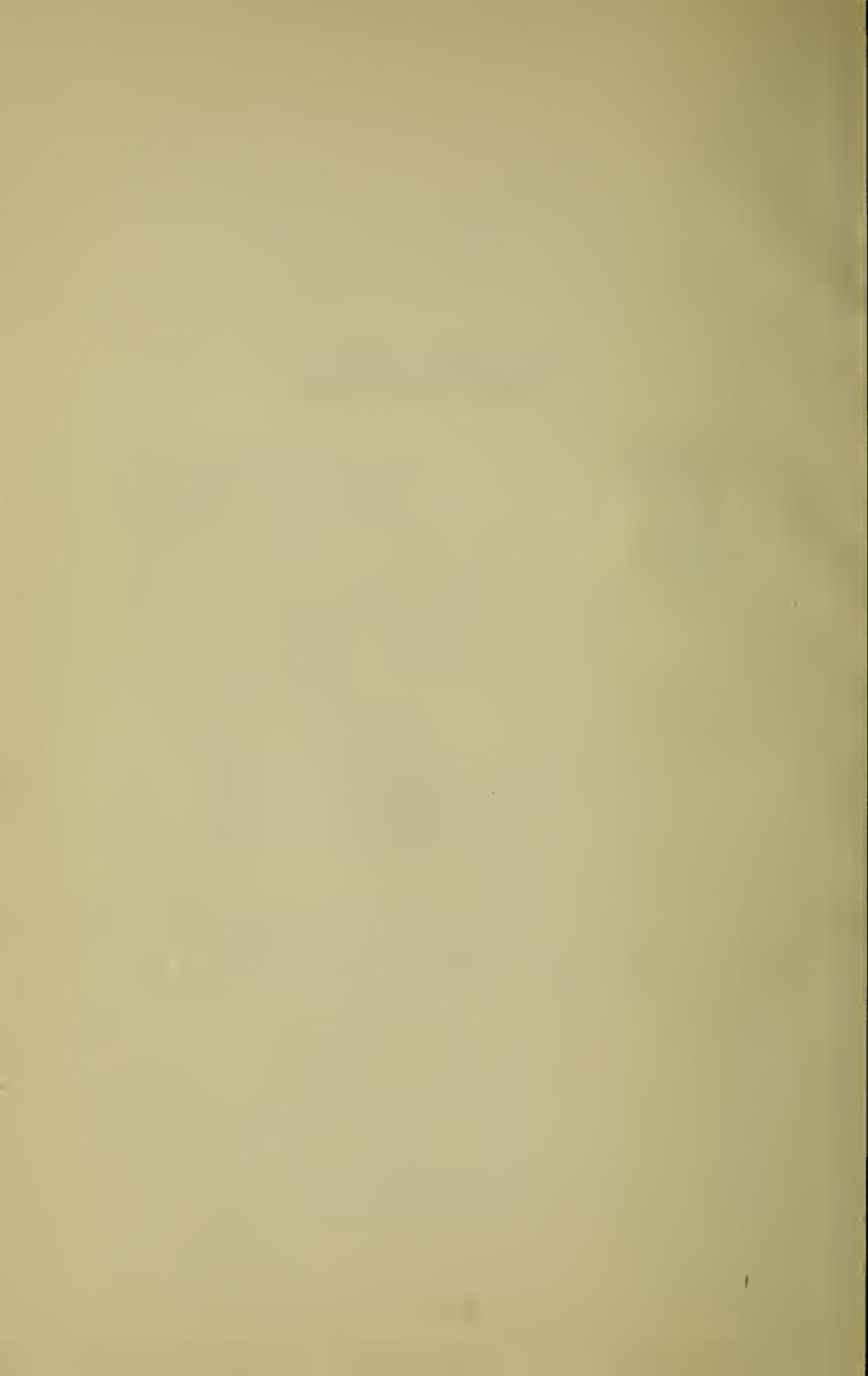
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Dedication



TO this hour my boast hath been that naught
Can stir the soul beyond the power of tongue
Or pen's expression; that thought can find a
way to words.
But as I dwell upon thy name and all thy life
Hath been, and must be unto me; a school
Girl's tender smiles, a maiden's blushing love,
A bride's first kiss of trust, a woman's full-blown faith,
A mother's gentle care—my first-born smiling on
Her knee; the years of joy and grief, with fortune's
Golden light upon the hearth, or hard-times
Knocking at the door—and thou the constant
Fount of ever pure and holy love, the source
Of all my strength—

*My muse is dumb to nothingS of poetic lore,
And Fancy's glowingS dreams turn pale before
Two potent words that thrill and fill my life—
A theme within itself the sweetest song—my wife.*



PREFACE

WE all have within us that indefinable something called poetry; that sheet-lightning of Truth; those half-wake recollections of the soul; that perpetual endeavor to express the spirit of things. Not all, however, are poets.

“Few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them;
Alas, for them that never sing,
But die with all their music in them.”

The poet is sometimes presented to us as the harp thru which passion breathes in melody. Is he not rather the master musician, suggested in the above quotation, that plays upon the instrument of a thousand strings and sends floating thru the soul the melody of its own music? or the sculptor that takes cold marble from the quarry of the heart and fashions it into radiant eauty? or the painter that touches up the clouds in life's dark sky, turns them into chariots of living light, and sets the world a-singing

“It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils?”

With this high conception of the poet's mission, I may incur the charge of presumption in presenting to the public eye this volume of verses that fall so far short of poesy's true aim and attainment. My only defense is that, in yielding to solicitations from friends who insist that these products of my muse are worthy to be bound together in a book, I follow the impulse of an honest heart.

Disclaiming any expectation of honor, fame or glory, I do cherish a hope that midst all the physical beauty of this little book its readers may find the magic window thru which may come the visions of a poet's dreams.

Sincerely yours,

ERNEST NEAL.

BRUNN

W
Gone are days when all that independence
called beauty; first sleek-lipped and tall,
those pale-wake locomotives to the soul, first
perceptive soughs of express to stir to flight. Not
all, however, has been.

"Few can furnish the magic scents,
And many have to bide to win them,
Airs, for them that never sing,
But this with all their music in them".

This book is something bequeathed to us as the past finds
minor passion preachers in melody as we find it
master musicians, subsisting in the shade of creation, first
play upon the instrument of a transient rhyme and
sends lolling from the soul the melody of its own music
to the soul; for that takes hold whereas from the binacle
the heart and thoughts in like stark sky, turns from
that tongue of living light, and sets the world a-singing
into shapes of wane and waste.

"It isn't raining rain of fire,
It's raining rattles."

With this high conception of the poet's mission, I was
upon the edge of presumption in presenting to the public
all the fine volume of verse that will be lost short of
body's time and attainment. My only defense is that
in visibility of distinctions from those who insist that
these boudoirs of my muse are worthy of the honest poet.
Or in a poem, I follow the impulse of an honest poet.

Discriminating and expectation of honor, tame or bold, I
do perceive a poe that widest all the physical sense of
this little book its readers may find the magic window plan
which may come the vision of a poet's dream.

Sincerely yours,

ERNEST NEAL.

CONTENTS.

| | Page |
|--|------|
| Yonah | 7 |
| Love Immortal | 11 |
| As Long as His Rivers Flow Into the Sea..... | 12 |
| The Bell's Last Song | 14 |
| To the Grand Canyon | 16 |
| In the Harbor | 17 |
| The Sweetest Song | 18 |
| How Great, How Small | 20 |
| Love | 21 |
| Calhoun | 22 |
| Annie | 23 |
| Remember, Love | 24 |
| Calumny | 26 |
| She and He | 27 |
| Sorrow | 28 |
| Reflections | 29 |
| Beside Life's Lowly Gate | 30 |
| For the Millions of Earth's Unborn | 32 |
| My Dreamland | 33 |
| To Charles W. Hubner | 34 |
| Life's Day | 35 |
| A' Frog's a Frog | 36 |
| Keep Faith with Them | 37 |
| Truth | 38 |
| To Our Missing Birds | 39 |
| Hang a Stocking for Him | 40 |
| To The Wren | 41 |
| To Mary | 42 |
| Gifts Exchanged | 43 |
| A Voice in The Open | 44 |
| My Piney Woodsy Girl | 45 |
| The Unattainable | 46 |
| To Madie | 47 |
| The Lure of Song | 48 |
| Home of My Childhood Time | 50 |

| | Page |
|---|------|
| The Eagle at The Tomb | 51 |
| Kildee | 52 |
| Woman | 54 |
| Claire | 55 |
| On the Death of Senator A. O. Bacon | 57 |
| Life Is a Book | 58 |
| A Glory Departed | 59 |
| In the Shadow | 61 |
| Lest We Forget | 62 |
| Love's Exchange | 63 |
| The Camouflage | 64 |
| "Belgae Sunt Fortissime" | 65 |
| A Prayer | 67 |
| Videre Est Scire | 68 |
| A Wish for Annie | 69 |
| The Star and Cross | 70 |
| A Man's a Man | 71 |
| Woodrow Wilson | 72 |
| Nacoochee | 73 |
| The Knights of Argonne | 76 |
| Georgia Scenes | 77 |
| To Our Boys | 82 |
| Sic Transit | 83 |
| Worry | 84 |
| Soul Tonic | 85 |
| A Tasty Pie | 86 |
| Humanity's Reply | 87 |
| Source of Beauty | 89 |
| The Call of the South | 90 |
| Optimism | 91 |
| Life's Current | 92 |
| Labor Vincit | 93 |
| To The Printer | 94 |
| Cohutta Town | 95 |
| The Militant Suffragette | 96 |
| The Sufferagettes | 97 |
| What Next? | 98 |
| A Modern Product | 99 |
| Why? | 100 |
| Hope and Memory | 101 |

Yonah

I.

OMuse that deigned to loose the Pythia's tongue,
Nor scorned the aged hag in Delphic shrine,
Where erst a rustic maid in measures sung
Apollo's will; vouchsafe this harp of mine
One strain from cords attuned by touch divine.
What tho the times thy holy hill deride,
And modern bards disdain the Heavenly Nine,
Thou cans't, O Muse of Song, a suppliant guide
Thru paths that lead to heights where Truth and
Dream abide.

II.

And thou, O potent Verse by Spencer wrought,
Steed formed and fashioned for the Faery Queen!
Thy measured pace hath borne majestic thought
'Mong Alpine peaks and many a glorious scene
Where archaic shadows fall the lights between.
Thou courser loved by Byron's vagrant Childe!
My visions grasp thy mane, o'er thy neck to lean.
If haply, it shames thee not to be beguiled
From thine accustomed heights to paths obscure
and wild.

III.

Beneath the mountains ever beauteous crest,
Along old Yonah's slope, the journey lies,
Above Nacoochee's vale, hid in a nest
Of tree-clad pinnacles that 'round it rise
Above the plain, like geni to the skies.
Here let us pause awhile to bathe the soul
In rapture o'er the scene that meets the eyes;
For Nature never did more gorgeous scroll
Than these entrancing charms of land and sky
unroll.

IV.

Not Cintra's mount, nor Cashmere's gentle vale;
Not Geneva's lake, nor Danube's soft blue tide;
Not Circassian citron grove, where the gale
Fans dusky beauty's cheek at eventide;
Not Zambezi's rocks, where the waters glide
In torrents that from cliff to jungle leap—
Not these and all this wonderous world beside—
Out-charm this unsung, wild, majestic steep
About whose rugged base ten thousand beauties
sleep.

V.

Oh, scene transcendent! Magic mystic maze!
Kaleidoscope of ever-varying hue!
The summer sunset paints with golden blaze,
While o'er the eastern slope, in hazy blue,
The rising moon pours forth her soft light, too.
The kiss of hastening night and lingering day
Commingle in the mellow melting view
'Till the shimmering gold and silver gray
In somber twilight shadows melt and fade away.

VI.

And now 'tis night! and in shimmering sheen
Of moon, full orbed, and glorious evening star
The Chattahoochee trends his way between
Yon banks, whose willows trace but do not mar
That silver scroll adown the valley far.
Enchantment lingers here! and mystic ties
Unite me to the glorious moon-lit scene—
The smiling vale, the peaks that round it rise—
While star-beam nerves connect my spirit with
the skies.

VII.

Oh, voiceful silence! Broodings o'er me steal!
On thee, my soul, my solemn musings dwell.
Thee all things hide; yet, all things thee reveal—
All that to archangel ever yet befell,
Or demon dared to dream in depths of hell,
Or man on sin-curst Earth hath wrought—
Thou spark of God! Thy scintillations tell
Of star-lit realms where I may read His thought
Nor cease to be until His wondrous universe is
naught!

VIII.

Whence camest thou, immortal essence? Whence
These half-wake recollections of a day
Beyond the morn when thou wert ushered hence
Within this fragile tenement of clay?
Art thou of universal Soul a single ray
Caught in environments of Time and Space,
Eternal and immortal only in the way
That matter ceases not? Tho waves erase,
The ever-crumbling rocks to other forms give
place.

This Earth, about whose crust a soft light glows
From all the stars that grace the midnight sky,
Doth tell in stone-writ words of Nature's throes;
Of solar fires and perished forms that die
'Mid earthquake shock and seething waters high.
Thus woven in the soul—deep woven—run
An evidence that ever brighter grows;—
Instinctive threads of truth, like star-light spun,
Proclaim its origin from God, the central sun.

IX.

Between this rugged mount we call Today
And you Tomorrow's bright alluring steep,
Somewhere, somewhere, the summons comes to lay
This mortal down again with Earth to sleep.
But when the stars have ceased their watch to keep
The never-dying soul shall still explore
In realm of Dream or Truth the ocean deep
Of its own mysteries; tho on this hither shore
Dark clouds arise to thwart, and threatening
thunders roar.

By boatman comes! No frown doth mar his face;
No war-like garment wraps his kingly form,
But peaceful robe. He rescues me; in his embrace
I fall asleep; and, sheltered from the storm,
My life is wafted from the boistrous shore.
No pain; no grief: The heavy shadows o'er me steal;
The night grows dark; and yet, I question not the
morn.
Once in my mother's womb I slept; now—as then—I
feel
No fearful horrors; longing to be born
Into a brighter, higher life when this is gone.

Love Immortal

WHEN the sun, grown old,
Is dark and cold,
And the planets are faded and gone;
When never his light
Makes the moon's face bright—
Oh, say, can love live on?

Every world and star
In the universe, far
As the voice of God can call;
Count sphere on spheres
Thru countless years,
And love outlives them all.

When worlds have decayed
Love, heaven arrayed,
Will bloom in the soul of me:
Not in the cold sod
But the bosom of God
I shall rest, sweet love, with thee.

Introual song

As Long as His Rivers Flow W
Into the Sea

HAVE you heard of the land of the Cherokees
With its wonderful streams and beautiful
trees
Of its flowers abloom, and the wild perfume
That floats like a dream on the evening breeze?

Have you heard of Echota, the capital town,
And the brave old chief with feathery crown?
Of the warrior band, and the pow-wow grand
In the light of the moon when the sun goes down?

Far away in the past this quaint land lies,
And around it the mists obscure arise;
It is only in dreams we may hear the shrill screams
Of its eagles afloat in their native skies.

Song and Bell and

But its rivers glide on in rhythmic flow
Through fields of today from a weird long ago—
The cold Chickamauga, the slow Connesauga,
Like their musical names gurgle soft and low.

In the laughing of the ripples of the sweet Salacoa;
In the falling of the current of the silvery Toccoa;
In the roarings of Talulah, and the splashings of
Yahoola
Are the wild and varied volumes of a never-written
lore.

And we list to the song of the sad Ettowah—
In his voice is a sob, a refrain from afar—
While the rough Chattahoochee makes love to
Nacoochee
In the shade of the Vale of the Evening Star.

From the gold-bearing mountains comes the rich
Chestatee;
Thru the valleys of the west flows the Coosawattee.
In their music shall roll the Indian soul
As long as his rivers flow into the sea.

The Bell's Last Song

WITH tearful eye, breast heaving
high,
One holy Sabbath morn,
A song I heard, like angel's word,
From old church tower borne.

Oh, need I tell what said the bell
As forth and back it swung?
Thru future time no more to chime,
This last sweet song was sung.

All things must pass ;and now, alas!
The gray old church must fall;
And soon will come a loftier dome,
But I no more shall call.

Tho I be found cast low to ground
From high where long I've hung,
This charge I give: by the dead—who
live—
Remember the songs I've sung.

I oft have tolled when slow hearse rolled
Its burden to my door.
In solemn stroke these words I spoke.
“Life evermore!” “Life evermore!”

In gentle tone—like angel's own—
I've sung on christening day;
On mother's breast in peaceful rest
The baby smiling lay.

With sweet delight on summer night
I've rung when the young man led
His love to shrine of love divine,
Where the marriage vows were said.

I've moaned and cried when father died,
And children were wailing loud;
I've sung from my dome to sorrowing
home
Where mother lay wrapped in her
shroud.

And now, oh Time! this mellow chime
I fling to the Sabbath air,
From throbbing throat, is my own death-
note
And my last fond call to prayer.

Then, pledge me here, ye children dear,
For whom so long I've rung,
By love of the past to that hour, your last,
You'll cherish the songs I've sung.

—*amino* *aldehyde* *oxime* *acetone* *al-*
—*ylid* *guanidinium* *acrylate* *by* *I*
test *Indicators* *of* *cassero* *el* *bottom* *in*
—*and* *guanidium* *zinc* *salt*

To the Grand Canyon

I LOVED thee when a boy; though to me
Thou wert a vision of the mental eye
From books and pictures caught. But now I see
Thy splendor as it is before me lie
Vast, matchless, and supreme, against the sky!
As if old ocean, in his grandest swell,
Stood still, and all his heaving billows high
To castles turned, and rainbow colors fell
From mists of crested foam upon their walls to dwell.

In the Harbor

A N aged man with hoary hair,
A little child played 'round his chair
And clambered on his knee.
The careworn face with heaven smiled;
Like an angel laughed the child,
As happy as could be.

Where life begins and where life ends,
Near the Father's door meet these friends—
And each with empty hand.
A soul grown tired of earthly years
And one untouched by sins and fears
Are near the golden strand.

And this is why the baby fair
Loves to climb on grandpa's chair
To greet him with a smile.
These friendly ships in harbor free,
One nearing home, one bound for sea,
Would furl their sails awhile.

The Sweetest Song

THE sweetest song that ever was sung,
Do you know by whom and when?
It was not from the lips of an artist
flung
For the praise or the gold of men.
Nay; not from the opera's gilded stage,
Nor e'en from the sacred choir,
Has come the song of every age
Most potent to inspire.

In a vine-clad cot from the world apart,
Under the star-lit sky,
A mother sings from a mother's heart
A mother's lullaby.

The sweetest child in all the land,
Do you know whose child and where?
Not the poor rich child in a mansion grand,
With its pride and worldly care,
But the rich poor child in that humble cot,
Under the star-lit sky,
Who hears that song and forgets it not,
A mother's lullaby.

The grandest man under the sun,
Shall I tell you whence he came?
Not at the top was his life begun,
Nay; not with a father's fame.
But he caught a glimpse of Heaven above,
From that home 'neath a star-lit sky,
As he drank with her milk a mother's love
And heard her lullaby.

The queenliest woman Earth e'er knew,
Did she grace a worldly throne?
Nay, not so; but a mother true,
With God and Heaven her own,
She cradled her babe in a manger bare,
Beneath the star-lit sky,
And angels joined in a chorus there
To Mary's lullaby.

How Great, How Small

HIS own soul is each man's universe;
What is, is what he knows and feels,
All else to him is nothingness.
Some souls contract about earth's paltry things
Like chiggoe skins 'round molecules of dust;
But some expand in ever widening waves
Of circling light through constellations bright
With God's eternal truths.

Love

A SOUL in the desert lying—
The death-haunted desert of sin;
Without are the dead and the dying,—
An angel sin-prisoned within!
From a rock in the wilderness smitten
The life-giving water gushed;
From the heart on which Christ has written
What volumes of love have rushed!

In depths of my sin and disaster
My life was a wilderness wild;
But spirits love-writ by the master
Upon me like angels have smiled.
I would give what to me has been given,
Heart-fuls of love and good cheer;
I would water with showers of heaven
God's flowers a-drooping down here.

Calhoun

NESTLING 'mong mountains,
Sparkling with fountains,
Beautiful city Calhoun!
My heart ever beats
For thy pleasing retreats
 Where sun-light is gentle at noon;
For trees never made
A lovelier shade
 Than falls on thy bosom in June.

Thy beautiful river
Flows onward forever—
 In rhythms flows on to the sea;
And the farther he flows
The sadder he grows,
 For he passes no city like thee.
And he minglest his groan
With the ocean's wild moan
 While his spirit flows backward with me.

My soul, like that river,
Time cannot dissever;
 Tho the stream of my life trends away,
It touches thee still;
Thy shock and thy thrill
 Are with me forever and aye.
Recollections are flowers
In memory's bowers,
 And they bloom in December and May.

Annie

THE dove that cooes at eventide,
The hawthorn blossom at its side
Are gentle, pure, and sweet;
But gentler, purer is her mind
Than flower or bird of any kind
That poet's eye can meet.

From dimpling waves resplendent gleam
The trembling stars—a broken dream
Of heaven on the sea—
But oh, her tender love-lit eyes!
They rival all the seas and skies
That ever shone on me.

A dew-drop from an angel's wing
In the lily's cup—earth's fairest thing—
Reflected light of heaven;
Thus in the chalice of my love
Is held a radiance from above—
The heart that she has given.

Remember, Love

O H, would you have me linger here
To dally, Love, with you,
While Duty's voice is calling clear
Across the waters blue?
Remember, Love,
'Tis Duty's hand that brings to you
Honor's brightest bloom;
'Tis Duty's voice that sings to you
To banish fear and gloom.
'Tis Duty's heart that cares for you,
'Tis Duty's arm that bares for you
And do or die dares for you,
Remember, Love.

Oh, look not so reproachful, Love,
From tender eyes and true;
I hold not Duty's voice above
The call of heart, of home, of you.
Remember, Love,
To me you'll ever be the same,
And nearest when I'm far;
For Duty's but your other name
Amid the smoke of war.
Thus Love and Duty cry to me,
And all mankind they tie to me,
Nor faith in God can die to me,
Remember, Love.

If you should ever call me, Love,
 Across the distant blue;
If you should ever call, and I
 Should fail to answer you,
 Remember, Love,
I'm the star that glows for you
 Beyond the realm of night;
I'm the sun that throws for you
 The summer's glorious light.
I'm the flag I waved for you,
 And with my life-blood laved for you—
I'm all things Duty saved for you,
 Remember, Love.

Calumny

INTO the crowd the slanderer went,
 Mean intent! Mean intent!
Out of the crowd the murderer came—
His weapon a tongue, his victim a name—
 Oh, for shame! Oh, for shame!

Bedraggled in slime, down in the dust;
 How unjust! How unjust!
Peace, fair name by calumny hid;
Can a falsehood be thy coffin lid?
 God forbid! God forbid!

Through dark ravine the mountain rill
 Flows on still! Flows on still!
Forth from concealment Truth will glide
To her ocean eternal, deep, and wide—
 Golden tide! Golden tide!

She and He

HER room was cosy, trim, and neat
Because her soul was pure and sweet;
But he with selfish humors mean—
A soul and body both unclean—
All blemished by a selfish life,
Was never fit for such a wife.

I see him now, as oft before,
A mud-stained wretch at her door;
I hear her voice, “Please clean your feet
Of mud the’ve gathered in the street.”
Is it enough to clean his shoe
When heart and mind are muddy too?

If he would pause before her door
To clean his feet and something more;
Would bathe his soul in Memory’s stream
That backward flows to Love’s Young Dream,
The light that shone in boyhood skies
Might gleam afresh from the woman’s eyes.

If he would pause to clean his life
Of mud that’s incident to life;
If he would only enter there
With this his wish and this his prayer:
“God make my home a home of love,
A type of that which is above;”

If he would leave his cares behind
And never speak a word unkind;
If to her heart his heart he pressed
As pure as that within her breast;
If he and I and you, I mean,
We’d see the world “a-coming clean.”

Sorrow

*Within the cloud there is a power
That brings forth beauty's form,
And pins the rain-bow, like a flower,
On the bosom of the storm.*

Reflections

DOWN on the village, sleeping still
As some old painting rare,
I gaze from off my favorite hill
Through autumn's hazy air;
And here in retrospective mood
I cannot choose but link
The chain of hours that thus I've stood
To gaze and dream and think.

"Twas many and many a year ago,
On a morning fair as this,
When first yon smiling scene below
Enwrapped my soul with bliss.
How oft that smiling scene, since then,
My inmost soul hath charmed;
And now I'm old, I feel again
My spirit strangely warmed.

For all this wealth in simple fee
Men struggle with a will;
Yet all the town belongs to me
In the landscape from my hill.
'Tis sweet to think in life's decay
That joys of heart and mind
May light the path to heavenly day
And leave a glow behind.

Beside Life's Lowly Gate

THERE are lives that reach the heights supreme

Where Fame and Glory call,
Their deeds are theme for poet's dream,
Their praise is sung by all.
But I sing not a mighty name,
Nor one of proud estate—
Just a woman pure who lives obscure
Beside Life's lowly gate.

In the breath of spring and its gentle stir
Into bud and foliage green
The God of Things revealed to her
The beauty of worth unseen.
Hid 'neath leaves is the violet fair,
And such must be thy fate;
But thou shalt breathe a perfume rare
Beside Life's lowly gate.

The world sees not the trellis beneath
The vines that unto it cling,
Nor cares for the cord that binds the wreath
That encircles the brow of a king.
But the God of Things—He knoweth all,
And oft what men call great,
In the light of His truth, is exceedingly small
Beside Life's lowly gate.

God spake to her, and I did not know—
In my sins I could not hear—
But I saw His love in her life-depth glow
Like a star in waters clear;
And I who was weary of the day—
Blind worshiper of fate—
Thank God for the light that streams my way
From out life's lowly gate.

For the Millions of Earth's Unborn

ON a table at home, in old-fashion style,
Lies an old-fashion book to-day;
In it, Grandmother, with a grandmother's
smile,
Has pressed baby's shoes away.
'Tis the Bible that Grandmother's mother once
read
And oft lay on Great-grandfather's knee—
It will go—like the shoes—when Grandmother's
dead,
To the baby that's yet to be;
The baby to come into life like a star;
That's to fill all the home with joy.
But Grandmother dreams of Grandbaby's Pa—
And she's knitting again for her boy.

Like an angel she sits, with the light on her hair;
In her face is a heavenly look,
As she dreams of other shoes, dainty and fair,
That she pressed in that very same book;
Of the cherub that came from the distant blue
And his little pink feet, zephyr bound;
Of the laughter-light and azure hue
In eyes with wonderment round.
It's many and many a year since then,
And today, while love's tears fall,
That little babe is one of the men
That sail at Humanity's call
Under the flag of the true and the brave—
From the robe of Heaven torn—
For Grandmother's shoes and Freedom to save
The millions of Earth's unborn.

My Dreamland

TIME, you scamp, you've made me old,
 You've touched my hair with white;
But in Memory's magic Dreamland,
 My spirit, feather-light,
Is roving fields of pleasure
 'Neath boyhood's golden skies,
And by me walks a little girl
 With tender, loving eyes.

We dreamed then of the future;
 I dream now of the past;
Both pictures, mingling in my soul,
 Ecstatic glamours cast.
What was, and is, in Dream-land
 Is sweeter than the real
When lovelight guilds the shadows
 In that realm of the ideal.

To Charles W. Hubner

I'VE seen thy face but once; and then
Thy youth was gone, thy prime of man-
hood past;
But still into the hearts of men
Thy courtly grace a pleasing radiance cast.
Thy frame, like stately ship approaching
shore,
Rich-laden, proud, serene, and old,
Seemed conscious of the spirit-wealth it bore,
More precious than Alaska's gold.

I've seen thy face but once; and yet,
No stranger thou; for many years ago
I felt thy touch, ne'er to forget,
In songs that thrilled and filled me so
No circumstance can e'er contrive
Thine image in my soul to mar,—
Can time, or space, of light deprive
The lake that's mirror to a star?

Of Harris, Ryan, Hayne, Lanier,
In classic sonnets hast thou sung—
Within each note a sigh, a tear,
For harps upon the willow hung.
Thy soul, akin to theirs, why should I wait
To find its last and loftiest dream?
My wreath accept this side the pearly gate—
An humble bard's love and esteem.

Life's Day

MORNING.

O **E** bright star, herald of the day,
Proclaims the coming of the sun,
The smaller lights, with lessening ray,
In brightening sky fade one by one.
Young life, how like the breaking of the morn!
Hope is the star that 'lumes thy opening sky;
When childish joys, the smaller lights, are gone,
Hope brightens into day, but does not die.

NOON.

High in the zenith shines the sun
And floods the earth with heat and light;
Unseen, forgot, the stars shine on;
Earth-splendor dims their radiance bright:
'Tis thus in manhood's golden prime
The distant lights of heaven fade;
Success obscures the stars of that fair clime
When all the world's with light arrayed.

NIGHT.

Behind the hill the sun sinks down to rest,
Dark shadows fall o'er land and sea;
One bright star blooms out of the west
And gems bedeck night's canopy.
Thus comes old age. Earth-light burns low—
The sable mantle soon descends—
The stars of Hope and Faith in heaven glow;
Where life began, its brief day ends.

A Frog's a Frog

A FROG in low and marshy ground
Where mud and trash and filth abound
Did croak and croak in accents harsh
A sad complaint against the marsh.
“Ah, me!” said he, “If I could be
Exalted to some lofty tree,
No feathered songster of the spring,
No nightingale could me outsing.”

The rain poured down, the creek rose high,
The frog was lifted to the sky.
The waters fell, the frog had lit
Twixt limbs of lofty oak to sit.
He tried to sing, but the breezes bore
The same harsh croakings as before.
Know this truth a frog's a frog,
Perched on high or sunk in bog.
A bird on the ground with broken wing
Can look to the sky and a sweet song sing.

My moral is plain: It's better to be
A bird on the ground than a frog in the tree.

Keep Faith with Them

IN Flanders Field the poppies glow—
With brighter hue than poppies know—
O'er soil enriched with crimson flood
Of many a martyr hero's blood.
In Flanders Field each poppy red
Is Freedom's torch flung by the dead.
“Keep faith with us,” the poppies say
For voices hushed beneath their clay.
Keep faith with them? When we forget
May sun and stars forever set!
O God of Love! unite at length
The nations in a league whose strength
Shall hold a world in peaceful span
And crown at last the Son of Man.

Truth

FALSEHOOD has a thousand tongues,
Truth has only one;
But falsehood gone, truth moves on
Eternal as the sun.

To Our Missing Birds

THE red bird will come to my window in
spring,
And warble his wild, fresh notes;
The mocking bird even in winter will sing
When a dream on the south wind floats;
The thrush and the wren, again and again
Will sing ere the snow melts away;
And the fussy jay bird is bound to be heard
In December as well as in May;
But gone from the land is the little joree,
Once the source of my innocent joy.
And where, oh where can the bluebird be,
The bird I loved most when a boy?

The sparrow still chirps from peep-o-the-dawn
'Till shadows of evening fall,
When chuck-wills-widow, all sad and forlorn,
Responds to quaint whippor-wills call.
Whistling bob-white with cheering delight
Still gladdens his lady love,
While floats on the breeze from green woodland
trees
The sweet plaintive coo of the dove.
But gone from the land is the little joree
Once the source of such innocent joy,
And where, or where can the bluebird be,
The bluebird I loved when a boy?

Hang a Stocking for Him

IT is Christmas eve, and faces bright
Are gleaming with joy and hearthstone light.
Papa has come from his work to rest—
Has come to his home like a bird to his nest.
But here, be it said, no bird ever cooed
To tenderer mate or happier brood.
It may be a mansion, it may be a cot—
It matters not which, and it matters not what—
A home is a heaven and a heaven is home
Where love-lights are burning and papa has
come
This night of all nights to gladden and cheer
With fruits of his labor the circle most dear.

Hang up baby's stocking, but think when you
do
Of the boys that are fighting for God, home
and you;
Of the sacrifice duty is making to love—
Of the men who place country all things above.
There are things in this life that money can't
buy—
The values are fixed by the courts of the sky—
Hang a stocking for him without children or
wife
Who, for you, and for yours, is giving his life;
Who kissed his young sweetheart, yea, kissed
her good-bye,
For my home and yours to fight or to die.
Hang a stocking for him in tenderest mood,
And fill with the crystals of deep gratitude—
Yes, deep and as high as heaven's bright
dome—
To the saviors of love, innocence, home.

To The Wren

THE song you sing today, sweet wren,
Is the song I heard when a boy;
Your little throat now—like my young heart
then—
Is ringing with notes of joy.

You sing me back to a sunny clime,
You are wreathing me with a spell;
The wild fresh joys of boyhood time
In my sin-seared bosom swell.

It's many any many a year since then,
But I love you the same, sweet bird;
My heart is a child's when the song of the wren
Mid the cares of life is heard.

To Mary

SILENT and still are the depths that are deepest
'Neath billows that never can break on the
shore;

In fathomless love, my Mary, thou sleepest
Where song is a dream, hushed and supreme,
Deep in my life's most innermost core.

Unthought-like thoughts that cannot be spoken—
Half-wake memory, swells of the soul
That breaks not in words—let silence betoken;
No song can impart the throbs of my heart,
The depths of emotions within it that roll.

Gifts Exchanged

I STOOD at the gate of the world.
Ambition said, "Grasp the view!"
My blood through its channels flew,
Mad-drunken with joy, like wine.
Wealth, honor and fame I beheld.
My heart said, "These shall be mine."

I went my way through the world,
To gain and conquer, I fought.
I achieved the ends I sought
But to sigh and whimper and moan;
Ambition's goal achieved,
Love's treasure was yet unknown.

God said, "Sell all, and for me."
I laid my all at His feet,
Gave up life's bitter for sweet—
All that I had I have given—
My cup that was full of the world
I emptied; HE filled it with Heaven.

A Voice in The Open

I THOUGHT I had bliss by the ears
And could lasso the stars from the sky;
But I've missed in the throw, it appears—
It's trouble got roped, and I.

I've lost all I had in the world,
I've missed all the ends I sought;
In the coil for happiness twirled,
It's trouble and me that's caught.

I look from the ground to the trees,
All clad in radiant green;
Where sweet-scented leaves now wave to the
breeze,
Last winter bare limbs were seen.

And I rise as one from the dead;
To the God of the oaks I cry,
“Oh, help me, like them, to lift up my head
Tho bare to a wintry sky!

My Piney-Woodsy Girl

WAY down in Southern Georgia
Where blows the ocean breeze,
And moss, in festoons hanging,
Adorns the cypress trees,
Across the Dixie Highway
Bright sandy roadlets pass,
With many a little by-way
White ribboned through the grass;
Where vines of yellow jasamine
And honeysuckle curl,
I found among the blossoms
My piney-woodsy girl.

She's fairer than the fairest
Of all the flowers that grow,
And to me she is the dearest
Of God's things here below.
Her hair is like the sun-light,
Her brow like marble stone;
And from her eyes a love-light
Soft shines for me alone;
Her lips are like two rubies,
Her teeth are purest pearl,
With pinks her checks are blushing,
My piney-woodsy girl.

You may talk about your faries
With light and airy wing;
Of moon-lit isles enchanted
Where siren voices sing,
But life in dear old Georgia
Down by the rolling sea
In sugar cane and pinder field
Is sweet enough for me.
There joys of earth and heaven
Like angel wings unfurl
About a nymph in flesh and blood,
My piney-woodsy girl.

The Unattainable

MY soul is a bird whose yearning desire
Is beaten and baffled by fate;
Soar where it will, evading and higher
Away in the blue is its mate.
Still would I dream on, bright visions of thee
Pursuing, O loved ideal!
Tho never, alas, this heart of me
Shall throb 'gainst the heart of the real.

To Madie

TODAY from out thine eyes bedimmed with
tears

There beamed into my life a tender light,
As when, thru riven cloud, a star appears
To bloom in what were else a starless night.

Thy voice, albeit sad, to me was bliss—

'Twas thine own self dissolved in note and trill—
And fell upon my soul as falls the kiss
Of gentle south-wind on a wintry hill.

Thy lips, thy cheeks, thy sad but radiant smile,
Thru sorrow's veil shone sweet to me;
And thou did'st tell thy grief but to beguile
My thoughts from grief to thee *and only thee.*

Oh, wonder not that beauty such as thine
My soul from dreams of sorrow broke.
Thy griefs but zephyrs are, thou tender vine,
And I the tempest-beaten oak.

The Lure of Song

I BROKE the charm that held me fast
To love of nature and of song
And thought my soul had chimed its last
Found echo to the aerial throng
Afloat the sylvan shades among.

I broke the charm to play a part
For honor and the gold of men,
Nor deemed my proud, ambitious heart
Would ever melt in song again,
Or be the same it once had been.

For poetry—a heavenly flame—
In poverty and woe is borne;
The grave illumed by poet's fame
But ends a life looked on with scorn,
Tho marble shaft that grave adorn.

I broke the charm! Ah foolish me!
The spring-time comes, I feel the lure
'Mong crowds of men—where e'er I be—
Of mountain breeze, of waters pure,
And dreams that must with life endure.

Still comes and lingers in my soul
The beauty of the spring-time light;
The sun and stars above me roll,
Still glows the day and smiles the night—
Bird notes are sweet and flowers bright.

When morning lifts or evening falls
Or noontide floods the land and sky,
“To song! To song!” fond nature calls;
The birds sing on and ask not why—
Awake, my muse! we, too must try.

Home of My Childhood Time

O H, bursting buds and odors sweet!
Oh, woods and fields and skies!
In everything, joy-laden Spring,
Charmed by your love-lit eyes!
You bring me dreams of long ago,
A sun-lit flowery clime;
A magical maze of gladsome days
In the home of my childhood time.

Like a stream from the dwindling snow
My sun-warmed spirit creeps
Through melting cares to vanished years
Where dreaming Memory sleeps
Lapped in the sweets of spring
And soothed by the tinkling chime
Of music that floats in sweet bird notes
In the home of my childhood time.

Away with the wisdom of years!
I'm young and happy again;
The south wind's mood steals into my blood,
My soul into songs of the wren;
And, with all the sweet voices of spring,
Is afloat in a sun-lit clime
'Mong flowers to rest and build her nest
In the home of my childhood time.

The Eagle at the Tomb

THERE'S magic in thy name!
Immortal is thy fame!

Thy grave to freedom dear!
'Til Humanity has won
And vanquished is the Hun,
Lafayette, I am here.

My wing in gratitude
And fond solicitude
Has braved the distant blue;
My beak shall find a way
A debt of love to pay—
My debt to France and you.

Thy soul is in my screams
And from my keen eyes gleams
As from thy native sky,
Four million strong the brood—
Columbia's noblest blood
Is here to save or die!

Kildee

OVER the marshy plain,
Swift is thy flight!
Forth and back, again, again,
Thru the lonesome night.
Soft and plaintive is the note—
Wild, and weird, and free—
Coming from thy little throat,
Quaint and sad kildee.

Oh, with what feeling, rare,
Floats my soul along
Out in the moonlit air,
Captive by thy song!
Where the palm and bullrush grow
On the watery lea,
With thy song my fancies go,
Magical kildee.

Borne on thy dewy wing
Thru the darkening gloam,
All my thoughts go wandering
With thy song to roam;
And the voices of the dead
Seem calling unto me,
In a solemn chorus led
By thy sad "Kildee!"

Oh, thou minstrel of the night!
Bird of gloomy age!
Emblem of the spirit's flight
From its earthly cage!
When the cloudlets hover low,
Teach thy notes to me;
Singing through the gloom to go,
I would learn of thee.

Woman

WOMAN is a flower,
That fills with fragrance rare
Man's every breathing hour,
When he gives his loving care.
But crushed the tender bosom,
How soon he is bereft
Of the sweetness of the blossom—
But a thorny stem is left.

Claire

(Tenderly dedicated To Her Mother)

H, weak are my words to the thoughts of my
brain
And the feelings that rise in my heart;
Oft have I sought expression in vain
To sensations that thrill me with exquisite pain
Too pure and too holy for words to impart.
The dreams of my soul into crystals congeal
That reflect less of earth than the sky;
I weep and I weep, but cannot reveal
The visions that brighten the tears in my eye.
'Tis the source of my thoughts that makes them so
deep;
And the cause, the feeling so rare:
For I stand o'er a grave where my love lies asleep,
And m  m  ory floods my soul, as I weep,
With visions of beautiful Claire.
Like a flower that comes from the bosom of spring:
She came from the goodness of God;
Like a flower she bloomed, a heavenly thing,
To brighten the paths that we trod.
Like a flower she gave forth sweetest perfume

When affliction her young life pressed;
And even in death, like a crushed fair bloom,
She sweetened our grief and lighted our gloom
With loves holy radiance blest.
An angel asleep in her coffin enshrined,
Like a lily in a snow-white vase—
Fairer was she than the love-wreath entwined
That encircled her heavenly face.
God's thoughts are the flowers; and everywhere
When I see them in spring-time bright,
They will breathe of their playmate, beautiful Claire,
And in winter's gloom these memories rare
Will fill all my soul with their light.
Eternal spring will come some day,
And out from the bursting sod
My flower will rise to bloom alway
In the beautiful Garden of God.

On the Death of Senator A. O. Bacon

NOW, noble Georgian, thy journey is ended;
Hushed is thy voice, and stilled is thy hand.
The tears of thy state and the nation are
blended,
And grief, life a pall, hangs over the land.

In the bosom of God thy spirit is sleeping,
Bright be thy visions in heavenly dream;
While over a grave a country is weeping,
The deeds of thy life in radiance beam.

In the light of the truth and of duty going,
Courage was thin en the hard-fought fight;
Steadfast thy ship when the tempest was blowing,
Serene was the sail, guided by right.

Like a sun that is set, a bright glow leaving,
Thy life yet illumines Georgia's fair sky;
Gladdening her spirit while over thee grieving,
Thy service lives on; it never can die!

Life Is a Book

IFE is a book of strange reading,
L The days are the pages we've passed;
Hard are the words, and the spelling
More difficult grows to the last.
Let Truth be our lamp, and the meaning
Her light on the FINIS shall cast.

A Glory Departed

THE mountains above the village,
With armies of trees sublime;
Titanic oaks and chestnuts,
Sentinel monarchs of time.

For centuries had they stood there—
Planted by God's own hand,
But man with his axe has felled them;
For greed had need of the land.

Now gone the kingdom of beauty,
Where's the wealth can pay
The cost of producing the splendor
Torn from the mountains away?

I weep in fond recollection
 Of charms that over me hung;
The trees on the mountains whispering,
 Each quivering leaf a tongue.

They spoke in tones primeval
 Secrets no more to be heard;
Only the woods could tell them,
 They melt at touch of a word.

In the Shadow

N the shadow of the world
The realm of darkness lies;—
In the shadow of the world
The stars of heaven rise.
In the shadow of the world
Earth-glamour fades and dies;—
In the shadow of the world
God's lamps are in the skies.
In the shadow of the world
My soul in sorrow sighs;—
In the shadow of the world
Are gleams of angel's eyes.

Lest We Forget

THE Now is but the eye, the hand, the head
Unto the ever-lengthening Then;
The past—a mighty giant—is not dead,
But lives in every Where and When.

Mere phantoms of the things that were
Are all the things that yet must be;
Today we dream Tomorrow from
The unforgotten Yesterday.

Almighty God, how we forget
Thy vengeance on the guilty Cain!
We dream the dream of envy yet,
And brother is by brother slain.

Shall memory hold to greed and crime
And all the wrongs that sin hath bred?
Nor light her torch with love sublime
By heaven thru the ages shed?

Oh, Star that shone on Judea's hill!
Lead kindly, Light; we'll follow thee;
Through Hate's dark cloud breaks on us still
The dream of love that's yet to be.

Love's Exchange

IF the wind give breath to the rose,
The rose will the wind perfume;
If the sun the lily unclose,
It gives to the sun its bloom.

It is like this with men:
God's flowers and hearts are true;
Give them your best, and then
Their best will come back to you.

The Camouflage

FROM Night—which is another name for Death—
In bright'ning Morn began the Sun to rise,
When grouchy East Wind, his polluted breath
Condensing into cloud, from mortal eyes
Concealed and then denied the source of peaceful
skies.

Cold North Wind, too, with harsh and blustering
blast,
In tones of War and Want and wailing Woe,
Did o'er the sky his black-winged legions cast
To screen with shadows Heaven's peaceful glow
And wrap in shroud of gloom the Earth below.

Ah, Wrong and Error! Hinder how you will,
You cannot blot the light that comes from high!
Majestic, calm, serene, and glorious still,
The Sun shines on thru clouded sky—
You cannot blacken Truth by blinding mortal eye!

“Belgae Sunt Fortissimi”

O H, Belgium, thou art a garden swept by storm!
Thy fields are seared in flames that lick the
sky;

Thy Queen and angel kneels in woman's form
To bend with helpless hand and streaming eye
Above the ground whereon her starving subjects
lie.

“Where thy country's heroes?” This to thy King
“In trenches dead and dying,” his reply
That crowned the men uncrowned, with greater
thing

Than coronets or titles grand to royal blood can
bring.

Oh, grateful King! Far brighter on thy head
Is love entwined in mournful cypress leaf
Than all the laurels worn by tyrant, dead
To the soldier's sacrifice, the widow's grief,
The unhistoric names that hail him chief.
And Belgium, least at fault, severest torn,
Thou yet shall rise from all thy grief;
From darkest night shall come thy brightest morn,
And sweetest roses bloom from every piercing thorn.

The God of Peace thy suffering heart hath seen;
His hosts on earth have loved thee from afar,
His angels paint upon the sky thy hapless Queen
Enwreathed with lurid clouds; we call that picture
“War.”

Oh innocence, thou art the sacrifice for sin!
The dove must bleed to wash the vulture's scar.
At last, Thou Christ, who far too oft hast been
Upon Earth's cruel cross, shalt be her heart within.

A Prayer

I SAW a fragile craft afloat
At sea some twenty leagues or more,
The course and speeding of the boat
Directed by a man ashore.

Electric waves sent from the beach
The boat's adjusted relays fill ;
Receiver and propeller reach,
To do the distant pilot's will.

Thus may I on life's great sea,
With heart attuned to things above,
Let faith and hope receive for me
God's wireless, tireless will and love.

Videre Est Scire

A COLLEGE bred youth, conceited and vain,
Met an honest old quaker one day;
And soon he began in the usual strain,
The old infidel role to play.
The Bible, forsooth, he could not believe,
And freely asserted the fact;
Though willing, indeed was he, to receive
Any proof of each word and act.
With learning profound and logical air
He reasoned that "Heaven and Hell
May all be a myth, since if any go there
They never come back to tell.
A thing to be known must be seen," said the
youth,
And the heat of his logic expired;
The quaker chimed in, "If that be the truth,
Hast thou brains?" He retired.

A Wish for Annie

(Inscribed on the back of a five-dollar check—a
wedding present.)

LOVE finds a way
On your wedding day,
Whether dollars be many or few;
Not the cost of the gift
Brings the spirit's uplift—
It's the wish that comes with it to you.

May your life current flow
Where the love-lights glow
As soft as the moonbeam's kiss;
May your boat ever glide
On a silvery tide
Of matrimonial bliss.

And when at last
Life's journey is past,
And the shadow of night bends low,
May you find sweet rest
In the Infinite's breast
Beyond the sunset's glow.

The Star and Cross

ONE star alone among the host of spheres
Unmoved remains thru all the countless
years,
Save that constant constellation bright,
The Southern Cross, whose guiding light
Directs the sailor's course beyond the line
Where that one star does not shine.

A Mariner on life's great sea,
There is one star that guideth me
How rough or smooth the waves I stem,
The blessed Star of Bethlehem!
And should that Star fade from my eyes
Another Guide is in the skies.
North or South, I fear no loss
As long as shine the Star and Cross.

A Man's a Man

OH, would you know in this big world
Who's really up or really down?
Then look not on the pauper's rags,
Nor count too high the monarch's crown.

We measure men too much by things—
The accidents of rank or birth—
The poor we scorn, yet all are kings
That wear the crown of honest worth.

Woodrow Wilson

A MAN of iron, in an age of gold!
O golden heart in a world of steel!
As the dove art gentle; as the eagle bold;
To the King of Kings alone dost kneel.
The trust of all the world! Freedom's Knight!
The Glorious Chief who feels and toils
'Gainst brutes that prate the "Righteousness of
Might",
And "To the Victor Belong the Spoils."

No tyrant, crowned! No scion of a royal tree;
No boaster of a proud and mighty name,
But from the world's great heart, like Neptune from
the sea,
The product and the arbiter he came.
He speaks for Earth—to Notus, Euros, Auster, all—
"Back to your homes in North and South and
East and West!"
Nor evermore let conflict and confusion fall
Where God designs life, work, and rest."

Henceforth the knave is rated with the fool!
Virtue lives, and Vice must starve in rags!
A man's a man, and life's no pool
Where Might wins for kings whlie Justice lags.
What fool but knows if at The Hague
Had Prussia wise as Russia been,
Her Kaiser ne'er had proved her fatal plague
And Russia's ruin by his black sin?

Nacoochee

I.

LONG years ago, in the evening shade
Of the beautiful mount called Yonah,
Nacoochee dwelt, an Indian maid,
In the tent of her sire, Kanonah,
In the tent of the chief, Kanonah.
In that woodland wild, when she was a child,
None knew her but to love her;
For the charms she wore were such as bore
The angels watching above her,
Bright angels watching above her.

II.

And this maiden loved as few can love
The brave young Prince, Chattahoochee,
But the chief had sworn by the lands above
None ever should wed Nacoochee,
His daughter, the fair Nacoochee.
And thus it was the Princess sighed
As she left the tent of Kanonah,
To meet her Prince and become his bride
On the top of the mountain Yonah,
On the grand old summit of Yonah.

III.

Her heart beat high, as nearer the sky,
So darkly bright above her,
And now 'tis passed, she's happy at last
In the fond embrace of her lover,
In the warm embrace of her lover.
The sun had set, and bright the stars
In heaven's vault were shining;
Kanonah, the chief of many sears,
In his tent sat sad repining,
In his tent sat lone repining.

IV.

With grief oppressed he smote his breast,
And swore by all his power
That naught could save the daring brave
Who had robbed him of his flower,
Narcoochee, his wigwam flower.
Uprising then he grasped his bow;
And up the mountain flying,
He reached the lofty summit, lo!
He hears Narcoochee sighing,
His lost Narcoochee sighing.

V.

“Why, Maiden, sigh when love is nigh?
To thy tender heart no stranger;
The spirit light that puts to flight
All thoughts of care and danger,
All dreams of care and danger.”
These soft words her lover spoke,
And spake no more forever;
E'en while his voice the stillness broke,
Kanonah grasped the quiver,
Kanonah seized the quiver,

VI.

Withdrew a dart, aimed at the heart
Of the daring Chattahoochee;
The arrows gleam, in the moon's bright beam,
Falls on the eye of Nacoochee,
The dark, soft eye of Nacoochee.
“Oh, spare his life!” the maiden cries,
To her lover's bosom clinging.
But the cord is loosed! the arrow flies,
A dirge on the night wind singing,
A dirge on the night wind singing.
* * * * * * * *
The poisoned dart pins fast her heart
To her lover's bosom core;
And, face of face, in Death's embrace
They are joined to part no more,
In Heaven they'll part no more.

The Knights of Argonne

O H, think you romance is a thing of the past,
And the days of true chivalry gone?
Love's phases may change, but love? It will
last
As long as the heart of the human beats on.
The setting may vary, the carbon's the same;
And a diamond on Ptolemy's brow
From the smelting-pot came
Of the young world aflame
Along with the diamonds that flash for us
now.

No knight of King Atrhur, no hero of old
Was braver than men you saw yester-e'en;
Our soldier boys, counting love dearer than gold,
None braver than they ever have been!
At home or in France 'mid cannon's loud roar—
Wherever Old Glory is flung to the breeze—
You may seek evermore
The long ages o'er,
The knightliest knights will be found among these.

Georgia Scenes

O H, for the gift of Bobby Burns!
I'd write a song in praise
Of Georgia scenes and Georgia homes
In simple southern phrase.
'Twould touch and charm the souls of men
Like his own Scottish lays.

For sure 'mong Scotia's rugged hills
No purer life can be
Than blooms on Georgia's varied slope
From her mountains to the sea.
Nor marsh nor cove less charming are
Than bight and glen and lea.

Where Oostanaula's flowing tide
Makes music to the ear,
And fertile valleys spreading wide
Among the hills appear,
You'll find the Georgia cotter's home
And all its inmates dear.

Here Saturday night's much the same
As on the Ayr or Clyde;
The Holy Book whose "heavenly flame"
Lit Scotia's ingle-side
This hearthstone 'lumes, and Jesus' name
And love and peace abide.

The bairns, or chaps, it matters not
Whatever name we give—
Perhaps 'mong these, one little tot
May in the White House live,
And for each scolding that he got
Ten thousand cheers receive.

God bless the barefoot country boy—
The home-spanked, prayed-for kind—
That catches bird notes in his heart
And sunbeams in his mind;
His pants uncreased, he'll make a man
By Nature's law refined.

In field with flaky cotton white,
Or green with graceful waving corn,
In honest toil he finds delight
And knows no task to shirk or scorn,
But welcomes rest that comes with night
To limbs by faithful labor worn.

* * * * * * * * * *
Sweet, gentle sleeep! How soft, how soon
Thy mantle falls upon the farm!
When katy-dids hum their drowsy tune
In dewy the woodland's shelt'ring arm,
And the mellow light of full-orbed moon
Floods the scene with dreamy charm.

This is the hour when from his tree
The mock-bird's varied song is heard;
With sorrow melts, or charms with glee
Beyond the reach of poet's word.
What notes! What trills! What ecstacy
Floats from the soul of that kingly bird!

The scene must change—the rosy beams
Of morning now light up the sky;
Sweet Rose awakes from pleasing dreams,
And blue-birds chirp from trees near by,
“We’re glad you’re up! To us it seems
The day comes not ‘till you ope your eye!”

Dear playmate of the birds and flowers!
My Georgia girl with face so fair,
These friends among thy garden bowers
With music fill and fragrance rare
Thy tender heart, and heavenly showers
Nurture truth embedded there.

Sweet Rose knows not the far-off town
Where fashion queens and show girls reign;
Where Wealth and Want, with iron frown,
Alike mete out less joy than pain,
To dupes of pleasure clad in velvet gown,
To hungry, half starved slaves of gain.

Yet say not that her life's obscure,
It opens to the vaulted sky.
God's out-of-doors her world secure,
In Virtue's fields her pathways lie
Thru pastures green, by waters pure,
And up the mountains reaching high.



To Our Boys

IDLENESS, the devil's shop;"
"Ignorance, expensive crop"—
Sayings old and true.

Heed them, my boy, today,
Profit by them while you may;
Listen to your conscience say,
"There's much for boys to do."

Ask the bum with bloated face
What his first step to disgrace—
Loafing on the street.
Others went to school to learn,
Ambition in their souls did burn,
To him who dared his books to spurn
Idleness was sweet.

Learn to labor and to wait;
Trust in work, not in fate—
No such thing as lucky star.
By your acts you rise and fall;
Honor, Fame and Glory call;
But their portals close to all
You must push the gates ajar.

Sic Transic

WHEN e'er I see a ranting cheat
Exult in tumult, noise, and
cheers,
I think of dust beneath his feet
Where mortal pride and vain conceit
Must rot a million years.

Worry

N EVER trouble trouble
 'Til trouble troubles you."
 It's not a very human,
 But a proper thing to do,
For I hardly need to tell you—
 I know you know the same—
The worst of all our troubles
 Are the ones that never came.

What we oft mistake for trouble
 Are those foxes of the mind—
 Disdainful Dread, frantic Fear,
 And Shame that skulks behind.
They eat our grapes of happiness,
 And leave us but the skin
With all the juicy sweet pressed out,
 But bitter pulp left in

Now wouldn't it be wiser
 To laugh these foxes 'way?
With Faith and Hope a-ragging them,
 The little beasts can't stay.
Then let's to work and smiling!
 This old world's hard to beat;
"With every rose we get a thorn,
 But ain't the roses sweet?"

Soul Tonic

SORROW and work—the bitters of life—
Enrich and strengthen the soul;
Tho sweet slothful ease, with bloat-germs rife,
Is a morsel that many would roll.

God pity the man who never knew care,
Whose bosom ne'er heaves a sigh;
There's a strength, a charm, a feeling rare
That trouble alone can buy.

A Tasty Pie

THOUGHTS, pure and clean; smiles,
bright and dear;

Mix them half and half.

In a quart of good cheer, warm and clear,
Stir them to a laugh.

The *flower* of love sift into this—

A bushel and a peck;

Spice with the bliss of baby's kiss
And hug around the neck.

Add sweet, fresh milk, a gallon or so—

The "HUMAN KINDNESS" brand.

It's hard, I know, to *need* this dough,
But it makes the best pie in the land.

Humanity's Reply

COME, mothers of the world, to Belleau Wood
And to the dewy shades of dark Argonne;—
Come view these mangled forms besmeared with
blood—
Murdered grace and manhood's blighted dawn;
Is this yours, Madam, whose glaring, leaden eye
Late shone with love and hope? This golden hair
Is matted now with gore—was it to die
Thus butchered he played around your chair?

And look, sweet mother! see these pallid lips
Which to your own in babyhood oft clung—
Not rubies now! The death-foam forms and drips
Where milk-beads from your tender breasts have
hung,
Here's one, his brains blown out! His heart pro-
trudes
Thru jagged broken ribs, his bowels all laid bare!
A mass of rotting flesh from which exudes
The putrid blood—and stench befouls the air!

Here's one—not one, but seven millions dead!
And who can count the maimed, the halt, the blind?
Their crime? For what were these to slaughter led?
Come, monarchs of the world, an answer find.
A crime's been wrought, but where? by whom? and when?
Oh, tell the mothers of the dead where lies the guilt and wrong;
Divine rights of kings or human rights of men—
At which of these doors does the charge belong?

What! silent all. Then hear humanity's reply;
“ 'Gainst Emperor's madening dreams of world empire
And secret plots of kings, and future selfish wars, I
Led Columbia's hordes to save the world afire.
Five million sons she gave! Within my grateful breast
The living and the deathless dead are one.
The dead have done their part; to the living left the rest
To save or lose the goal, although the battle's won.”

The Source of Beauty

THE beauty of the landscape's not out there;
Within the soul it lies.
There would be no darkness anywhere
Were no dimness in the eyes.
The music of the spheres that roll—
The star is but the key;
The master touch comes from the soul
That wakes the melody.

The Call of the South

FROM the sweet sunny South, the realm of romance,
A region renowned by story and song,
Where the hues of the rainbow tremblingly dance
On flower and fruit all the year long;

From the sweet, sunny South where cotton makes white
The field once crimson with battle-shed gore,
And the blue-bird nestles with calm delight
In the mouth of the cannon, hushed evermore;

From the sweet, sunny South where mansions arose
With Phoenix-like magic from ashes of war,
And Time has made friends of brothers, once foes,
And healed forever the national scar;

From the sweet sunny South, where factory smoke—
Proud banner of industry—floats on the air
O'er cities where once the dread war-cloud broke
And melted to ruins in battle's red glare;

From the sweet sunny South, God's favored clime,
Comes to the world a loud welcome call.
Joy-ringing bells, in musical chime,
Are telling of happiness found here for all.

Optimism

TO die in the trench two comrades fell;
Said Pat to Mike, "This mud is hell."

"Be-gord, ye are right," said Mike to Pat,
"But look at the stars, and forget about that."

Two souls went out from temples of clay
By the torch of the star's inspiring ray.

God save all such! for when came the hitch
The world was saved by the man in the ditch.

Life's Current

LIFE is a stream. My little boat
Upon the flowing tide afloat,
Now bounces over laughing fall
Where siren voices to me call;
Now pauses where the eddies play
To spin around but not to stay.
I reach out for the golden sand;
It dribbles, dribbles through my hand.
Flowers abloom along the shore
I bruise and crush with idle oar.
On, on I speed neath azure skies.
Where ever least resistance lies,
Adreaming, floating listlessly
With the current to the sea.

Labor Vincit

A DREAM'S a dream—
Perhaps a freak,
A scheme's a scheme,
It may be weak.
A dream and scheme
Can nothing do,
TILL WORK AND WORK
HAS PROVED THEM TRUE.

To The Printer

I CHARGE thee, printer, print my lines
As I give them unto thee,
Tho caps and commas you may think
Where they they hadn't ought to be.

I wrote as caption to my song,
“LINES TO A BOUNCING LASS.”
The pesky printer got it wrong,
“LINES FROM A BLUNDERING ASS.”

I quoted once, “What's writ is writ,”
To cap a climax hot;
The cussed typo printed it ..
to read, *What's Writ is Rot.*

Cohutta Town

TO Cohutta town, Cohutta town
The mountain roads run up and down,
Churches, mill, stores and hall—
Two dozen homes, but that's not all;
A school there is, and to and fro
Thru mud-red roads the children go.

'Tis true, the meadows are as fair
Around Resaca—anywhere;
And at Varnelles and Tilton, too,
September sky's as soft a hue,
But at Cohutta to and fro
Thru dust-gray roads more children go.

At Cohutta town, it can be said,
The Past is buried with its dead;
The Present lives—her golden light
Is shining on each hearthstone bright;
The Future smiles when to and fro
Thru milk-white roads the children go.

The Militant Suffragette

THERE are two classes of suffragettes; the one a reasonable class demanding justice, the other a class of wild beasts.

The screaming, disheveled, bomb-throwing woman will never, pray God, be a permanent factor in political life. She has already about had her day, and is passing into utter contempt. "Votes for Women" is a worthy cause, but is not worth the price if it involves the degradation of womanhood and dethronement of her spiritual leadership. To break the laws and become an intolerable nuisance, is not the way to accomplish things,—certainly not under a democracy.

It is comforting to see the dignified and far more efficient mien of the womanly suffragette, who, with more brains in her head than her de-natured militant sister, is winning converts to the cause. She is accomplishing a woman's work in a woman's way and does not outrage the two deepest and most creditable instincts of man's breast; the respect in which he holds women and the regard he has for orderly procedure. These thoughtful women are not objects for ridicule or satire.

The New Eve

FROM dust," God said, "let man arise
To rule the realm of Paradise."
Then Adam slept, and from his side
God took a rib to make his bride.

Man's had his day. He sleeps again;
This time the Devil takes his brain
To make some women that we see.
Man ain't the boss he used to be.

The Sufferagettes

THE female of our species
Has the suffrage flag unfurled;
She would cease to rock the cradle
But begins to rock the world.

She would set up her dominion
In a world without a *pane*;
She has struck on raising children,
And is bent on raising *cain*.

She says that men are grafters,
And the suffragettes must haste
With a regiment of corsets
To reduce the public waist.

What Next?

I T'S cooking stove, fireless;
Telegraph, wireless;
Ships that sail in the air;
Cars running trackless;
Men floating backless—
Jellyfish everywhere.
Out in the street I chanced to meet
A pair of pants this morn;
I ran agin 'em,
No man was in 'em—
A woman had 'em on.

A Modern Product

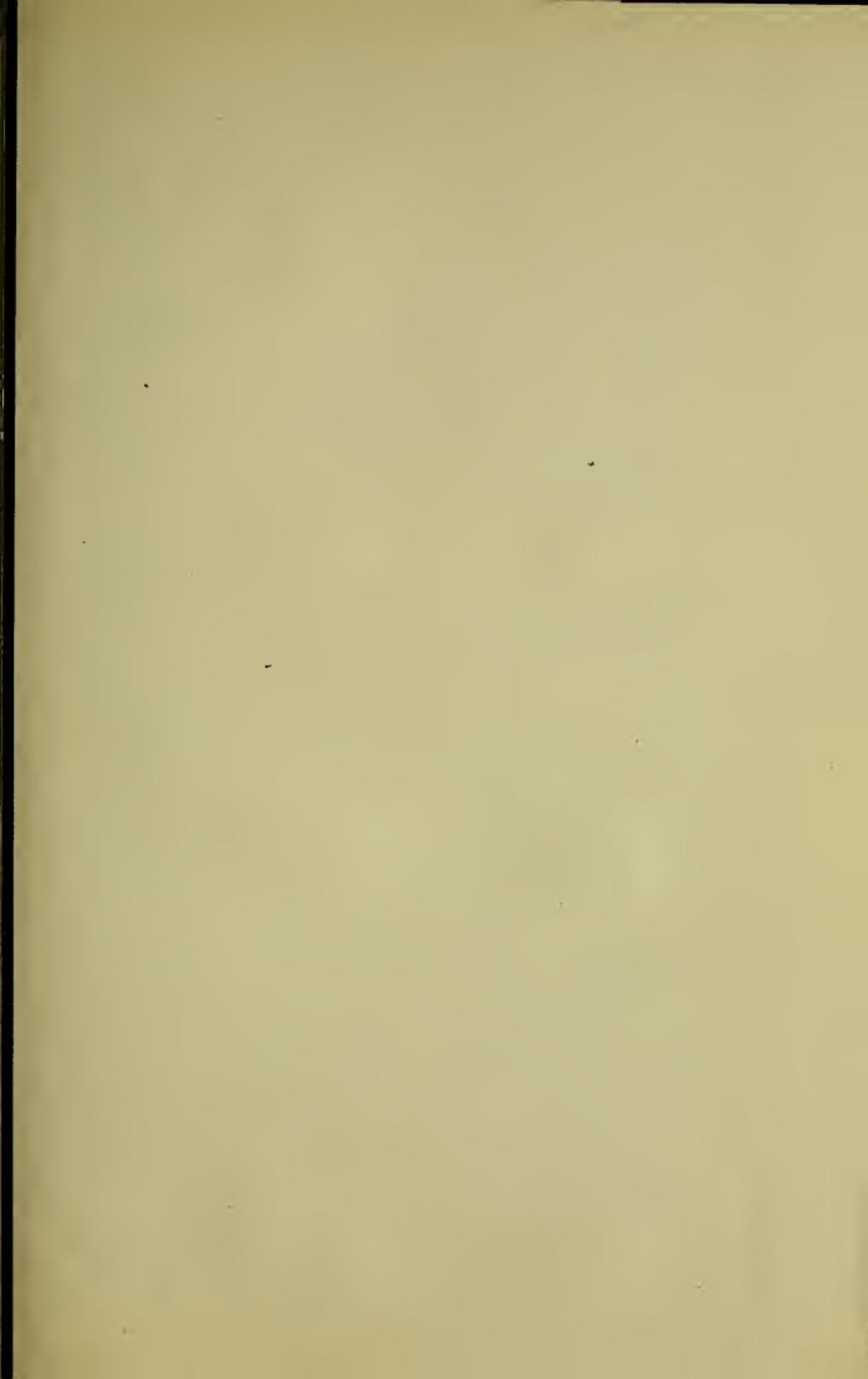
IN ye olden time ye old maid aunts
Never panted for a pair of pants.
Demure at home they homely sat
Content with rocking chair and cat.
Saintly, prude and prim were they,
Alas! Alas! they've passed away!
The bachelor girl is everywhere
With masculine voice and mannish air.
She pants for pants and cigarettes,
And rants and rants with suffragettes.
Ye Pilgrim shades and cavaliers!
Ye Plymouth maids and Jamestown dears!
Men with strong arms who could fight for your way,
And women as gentle as flowers of May!
The tables have turned since your race was run,
Now it's *bachelor-maid* and *old-maid son*.
"He sings to the world and she to the nest,
In the nice ear of Nature which song is best?"
When Lowell wrote these catchy words
He had in mind the women and birds
That God sent down from Eden's shade,
And not the *goose the times have made*.
'Mong all the fowls none of the rest
Would compel the male to sit on the nest,
And he would not, *while his wife runs loose*,
If he weren't himself a *son of a goose*.

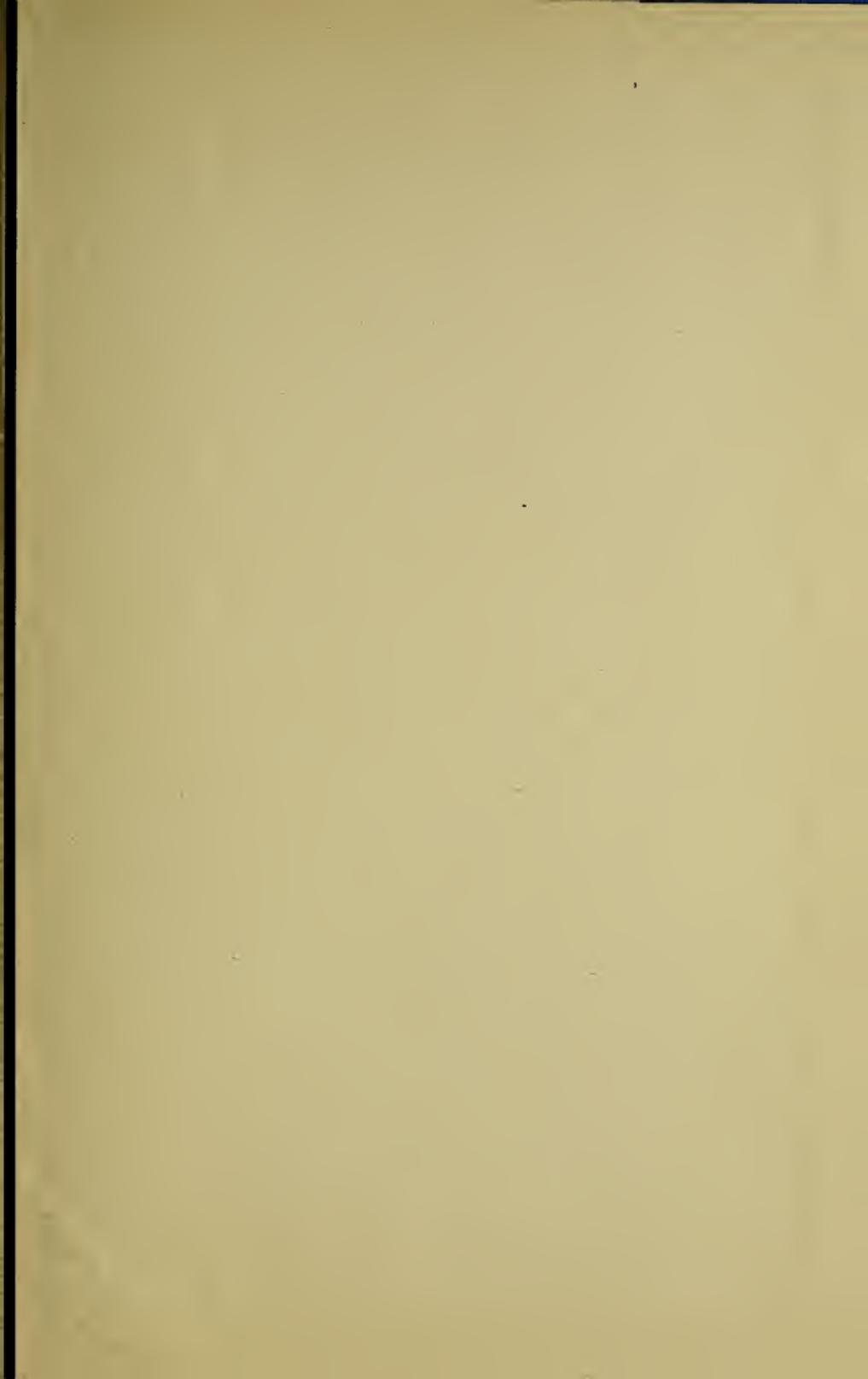
Why?

YOU ask me why from men apart
To dusky grove I oft repair;
Think you 'tis empty mind and heart
That drives me, thoughtless, strolling there?
You're right; for in the noisy crowd,
When duped by pleasure, slaved by gain,
I sordid grow, as weak as loud,
Nor thought nor feeling doth remain,
I leave the busy marts of trade
Where what I've lost found cannot be,
But comes unsought in woodland shade;
For there it ever seeketh me.

Hope and Memory

ANTICIPATION forward points the view
And guilds with happiness;
Live right, and retrospection, too,
Shall charm thee none the less.





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